

Smitheereens In A Moment



Shaun J. Apple

**An avant-garde book of poetry
and photography**

2008

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Borders

PUBLISHING

14 Poems

Smithereens In A Moment [SIAM]

"All my dreams are smithereens"

"He found a reason to be..."

By [Shaun J. Apple](#)



Smithereens In A Moment - 1st Edition – 42 Pages

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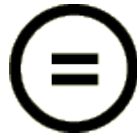
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Dedication

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The Most Hilarious Typos

February, 2006

Portland, Oregon, USA

We are like robotic sequences.

We are programmed to be anything that we can be.

We and forces of us decide what to be.

Even The Buddha was carved out of these "*robotic sequences*" -

All that humans can possibly be.

Science is closer to the truth than religion.

The root cause of anxiety is fear.

We get tangled up in life
with family, friends, work, etc...

-



Any Path To Success

February, 2007

Guangdong, China

Any path to success.

I can have success
with any path.

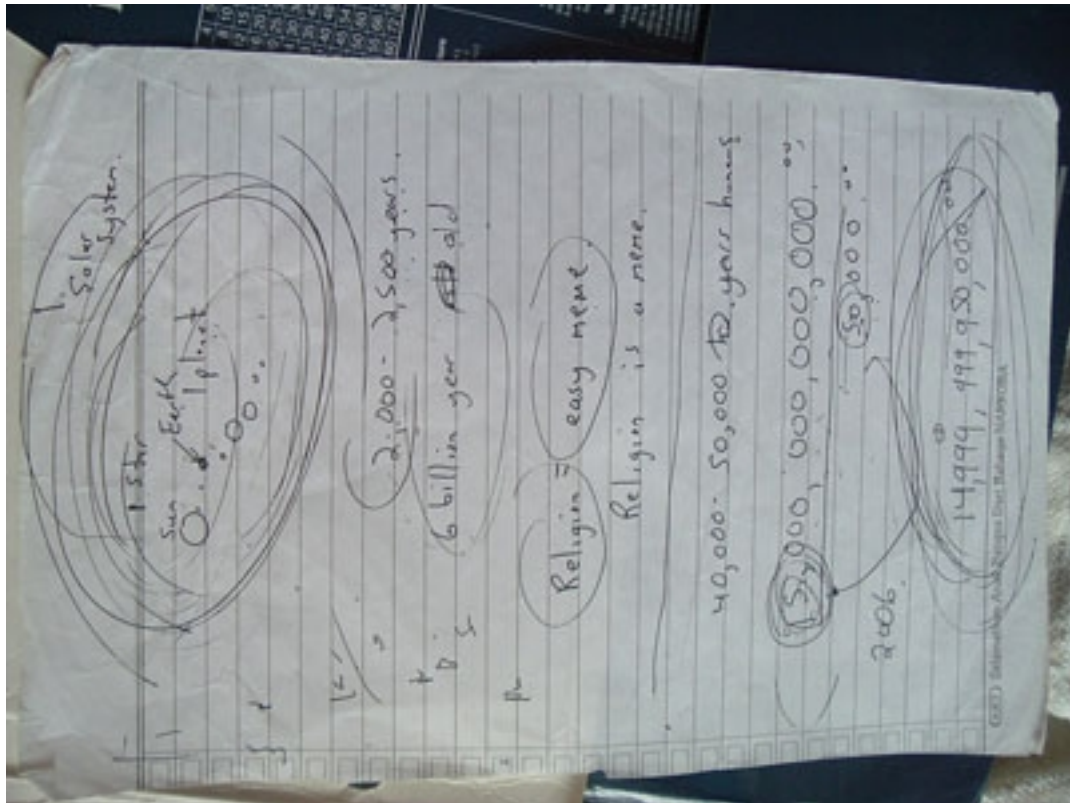
Stop thinking
one path is perfect.
That I must find the
perfect path.

I can make any path a success.

Any path to success.

I can have success with any path.

-



The Light Is Not Sound

May, 2007

Inner Mongolia, China

The light is not sound.
If only I could remember this tell-all song.
The version of life inside my head.
The meaning of life inside my head.

Am I great or dead?
I want to ask, not be told.

If I could be a single mold,
would I have more meaning in my life than now?

Sure,
not surely.
I love you?
Sometimes not easy.
The light is not sound.

-



I Really Admire Our Struggle

May, 2007

Inner Mongolia, China

I would like to stop bleeding.
I would like to not die tonight; not die.
Dying is not right; for me.

If I long to breathe along futuristic time.
To make it right; alight,
you are better to be insightful.

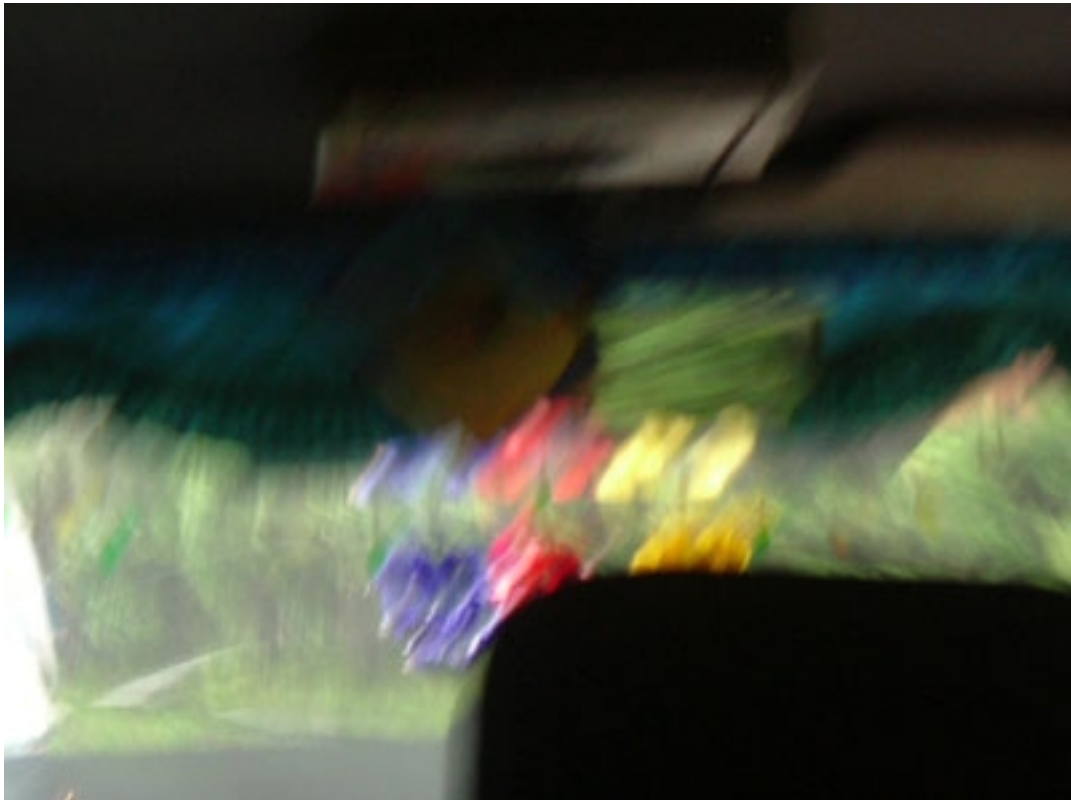
Time waggles by-and-by from side-to-side.
The nudist side of time's suspense that we help to create.

Far away to be here, to
be there now.
Like a nail
placed into
time.

I really admire
our struggle.
Or deep need to divulge.
Love,
so we smuggle.
Love really tiredly,
but we are healthy if you admire us.
I really admire
our struggle.
To love and to be one.
Our struggle.
To love and to know.

Our struggle.
What more could you
Google to find "*the love*".
Overcome.
Struggle in love.

-





A Real Kiss

May, 2007

Guangzhou, Guangdong, China

A real kiss.

Give me a real kiss.

That is not a real kiss.

If you kiss me.

Give me a real kiss.

If you kiss me.

Give me a real kiss.

-



Already Me

June, 2007

Guangzhou, Guangdong, China

I am suppose to know myself.

Not die alone,

but just know myself.

I am meant to spread my genes to other generations,

and already have.

I am destruction in social situations.

I am already me.

I do not think any more.

I just worry.

I have not thought like this since...

I am calm with my thoughts.

Love is a feeling that you try to explain.

Sharing.

Love is about something special together.

Or understanding on a deep level.

Sex as avant-garde art. (experimental)

Art.

Gay marriage in Iraq.

I am too normal.

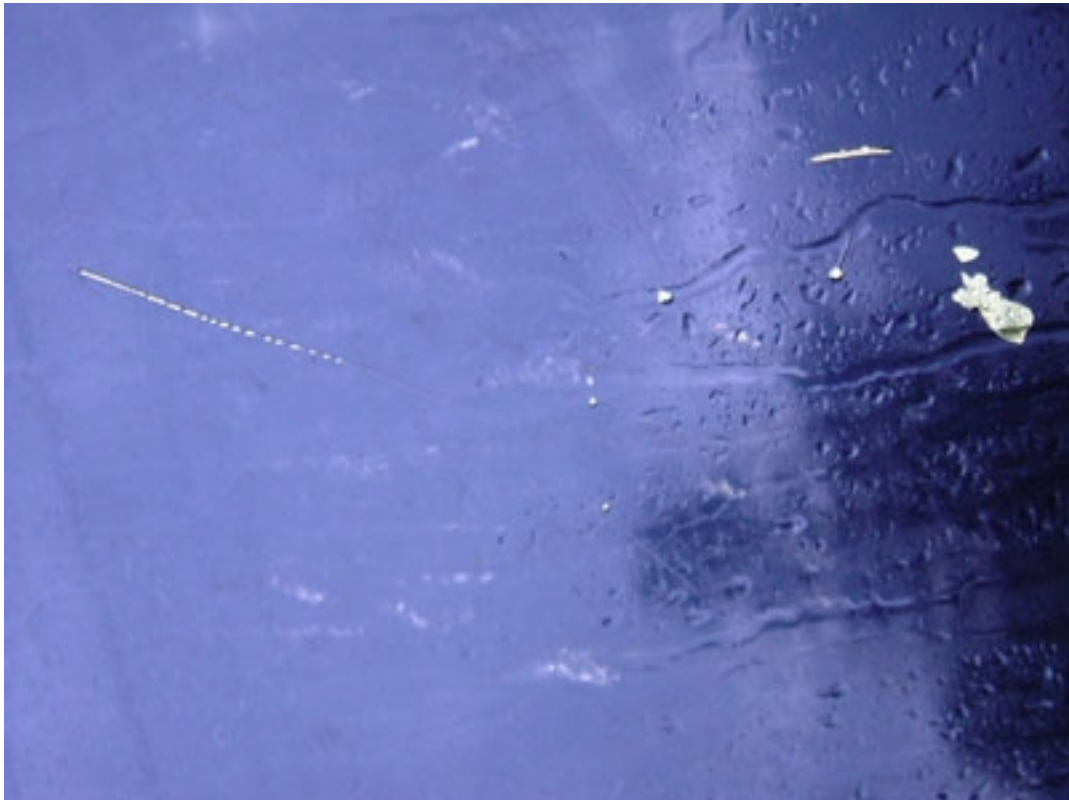
It is weird

that I fear.

Excuses for being selfish.

Excuse me for being selfish.

-





Synesthesia

June, 2007

Guangzhou, Guangdong, China

The reality of pain.
I have lost my dreams.
Dreams from careless
sleep.

Under the sheets.
I feel the heart
of a million frames
of visionary
and feel good dreams.

Just to wake up,
and be in pain.

I wanna be a friend like family.

Passing is OK.

Passing away.

Passing by.

Passing why
you think so.

Never know enough to go.

Painful to give up

on dreams,

and hopes.

Unless something better come along.

-





Northern India - Manali - Ladakh

June, 2007

Inner Mongolia, China

Our bus got stuck
in a flash waterfall.

We were stalled while workers
used dynamite to make rocks fall.

There were other Americans.

Making small talk we were.

Wondering how many more hours
until we could make it through.

-



Oh Yeah, The Hickey

June, 2007

Inner Mongolia, China

The hickey could be a romance mark
for the lid of my face.

For my lit up face;
my hidden face!

It is romance,
as flesh is held between lips.

Oh yeah.

I am thinking a lot.
I do not know my face.

The hickey.

Oh yeah.

-



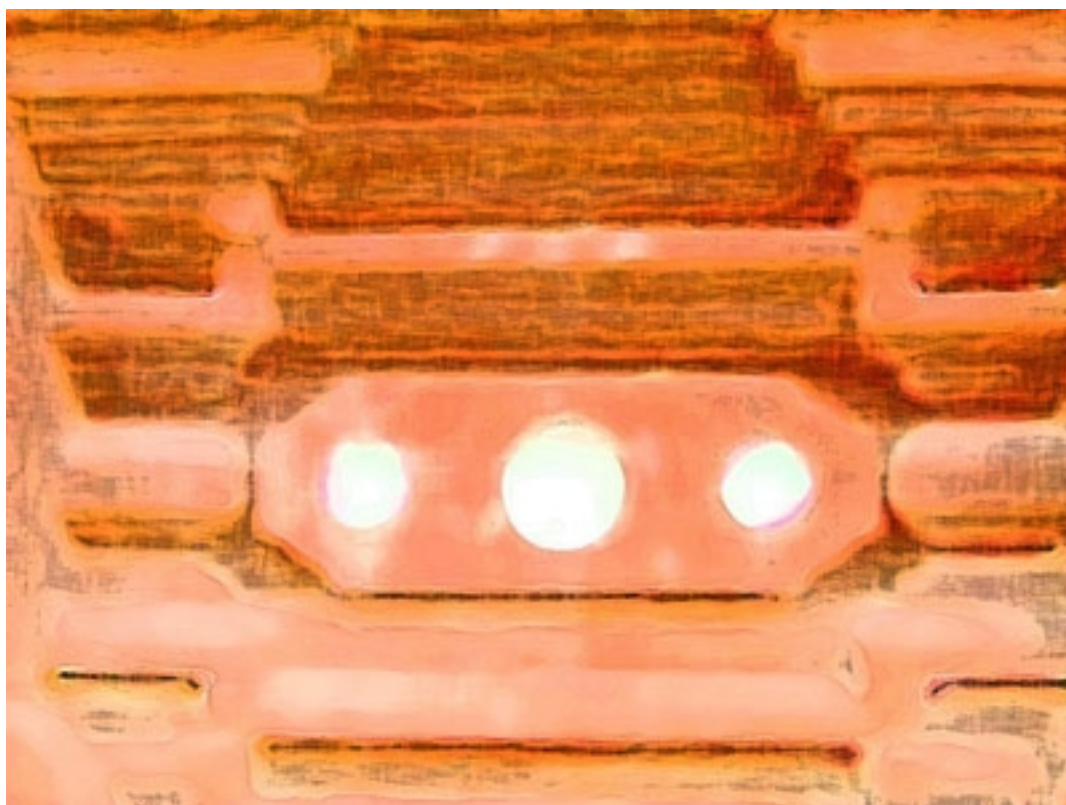
She, We

July, 2007

Ulaanbaatar, Mongolia

She allowed me to obey.
She did not allow me to know her.
We would walk up boulders.
We would pass insults around like a bottle of vodka.
She was my inner child.
We would not necessarily obey.
She was so laid-back.

-



Reasons Of

July, 2007

Ulaanbaatar, Mongolia

Modern assertiveness:

Are you inverted enough?

They have gotten “modern” all
wrong.

There is light left in

sun setting.

Years seem short.

Days are long.

Wondering where you are

at the time when I am pondering us.

To the graveyard and labor room with
soulmate dreams.

Wondering what all

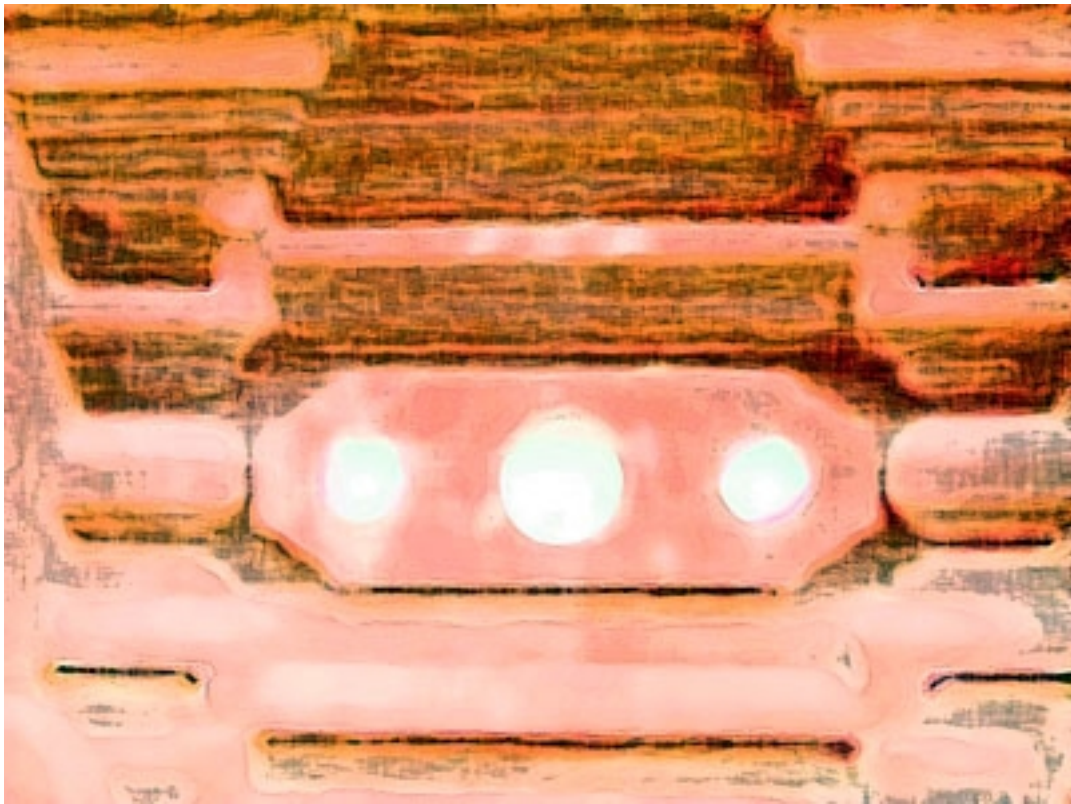
seems just to be.

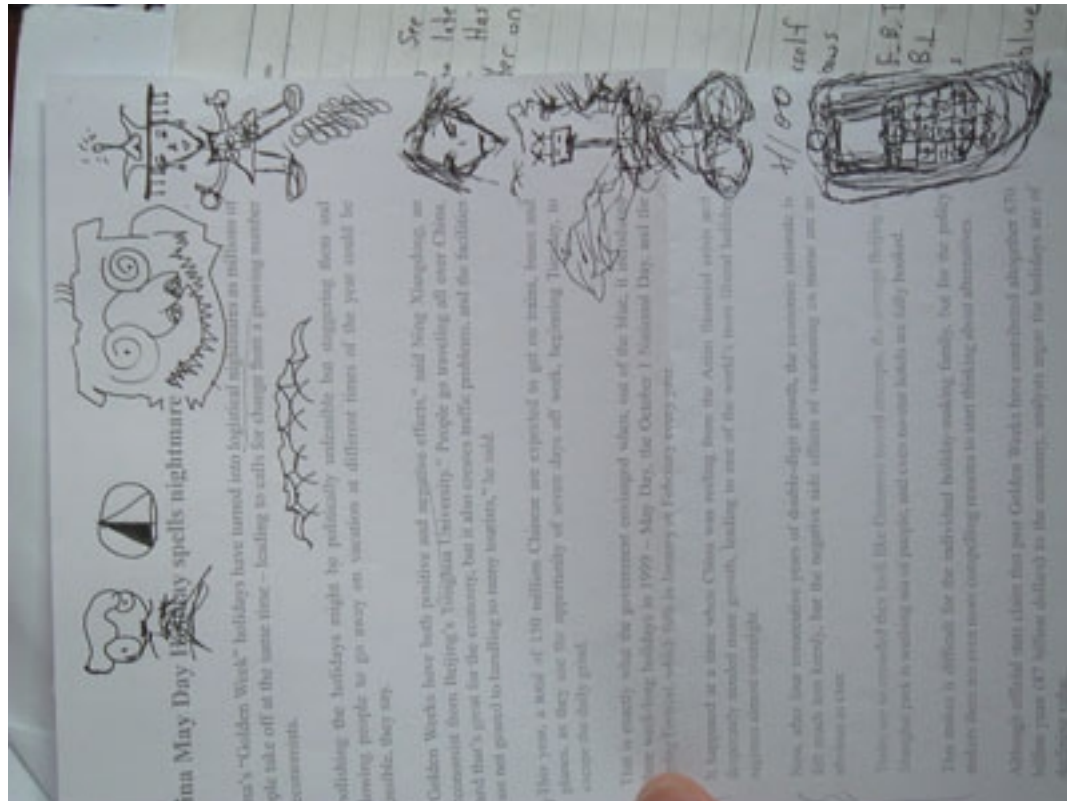
You can stand up to
the bullies in your mind.

They hold you back like
bouncers at a club during a fight.

Reasons of?
What are the reasons of
...with you?
I left you my love.
I left with my love.
Reasons of.

-





Find A Better Version

July, 2007

Ulaanbaatar, Mongolia

I do not just think of you now.

I think of the past, present, and future
versions of you.

That is because I want to be
together forever unto.

Love needs you,
so I need you too.

Gotta find a better version of you,
because you know, we can always improve.

My heart does not care about money,
but my brain does.

Find a better version of me.

-



Oh Gobi

July, 2007

Inner Mongolia, China

The sky can be any
hue of blue that you want,
before the grasslands get flash flooded.

Oh Gobi.

The sun's rays turn the blue
sky flooded gold.

Oh Gobi.

Desert camels.

Thinking the same thing,
but they do not say anything.

-



Have Too Much Fear (Loloki)

August, 2007

Shenzhen, Guangdong, China

Loloki.

Afraid too much.

Afraid of too much,

do not be scared.

Go there.

I am waiting for your despair.

We are holding out for each other,

so why even bother being afraid,

waiting afraid.

Loloki.

Afraid and scared.

Afraid nowhere.

But in mind

I will wait you at home;

save your time.

Loloki
When you come.
When you go.
Afraid too much.
Do not let fear touch you.

Loloki.
Have too much fear.
Anxious and here.
To go as,
and to notice.
To go as,
and to notice.
To go as,
and to notice
something from your heart.

-



EXTRA POEMS

Tech Poetry

January, 2006

Portland, Oregon, USA

Tech poetry.
There is a review committee in my head.
The human story
is wrapped up like a book.
It will be read in less than thousands of years.
The people "is" not the people.
On other planets there may be an alternative to evolution,
or maybe evolution is eternal?
I can have dreams.
They are my dreams too;
of you.
My teenhood relates to my adulthood.
As I stay (try) to remain a teen.
We need human rights
for us humans.
The people.
Photography of memes and their paths.
Can you see for free? Or,
do you have to pay a corporation like Microsoft money?

-

Astronaut President

January, 2006

Portland, Oregon, USA

We need an astronaut for president.
Someone who has seen the whole Earth,
and someone who knows what it looks like to be alone.
Your dreams are to be.
I was wrong about who they were,

because I could not see clearly and accurately from my perspective at the time.

-

Transparent / Translucent Lives

January, 2006

Portland, Oregon, USA

"*Growing up*" is controlled by me.

Not just what we are told and assume to believe.

Never end needless never mind tools of our day.

I am given what I need,

but I know I have got enough.

What's up

in our new Democracy 2.0?

We went in, and now we are having to come out.

Linking to each other in a virtual way.

Links from one home to another,

since we are no longer in "*the village*" (from our tradition).

Comfortable sharing.

Transparent lives.

Translucent lives.

-

Forgotten Few

April 2006

Phuket, Thailand

Why did some

memories come here

to die?

My mind.

First time.

Last time.

Sometimes.

If I translate

memories to words

to give you,

I will give you a
slew.
I remember unforgotten
memories;
plus, a forgotten few sometimes.

-

Just One Lightning Without Thunder

May, 2006
Sapa, Vietnam

One brilliant cloud after another
...like loves.
Appearing as different shapes.
Never able to hold on to escapes.
My love is like her imagination
...except real.
Fascination with longing.
Fascination, so long
as
she kisses my still night.
Good-bye.
She kisses me a long time.
Meaningful love runs away.
Meaningful love runs away.
Why me?

-

The Dream Song

June, 2006
Guangxi, China

I am a "*hard sleeper*".
I love to meet her
...in my dreams.
Dream of forever.
Dream of never.
I will be there soon

...to see.
Holding on tight
Wondering why.
Wandering by.
I love her tonight in my dreams.
Ego filled poetry.

-

Broken Jade

June, 2006
Guangxi, China

Broken jade bracelet.
Broken in transit
through the "*Tunnel of Love*".
Generations waiting to love you.
Wake-up Jade!
Modern heartbeats
are tears on mobile phones.

-

Miscellaneous True Love

June, 2006
Guangxi, China

I have been thinking about you every moment,
so please be true.

I came into this world knowing totally different things.
My life is like a beautiful design of woven experiences and opportunities.
Attached solo.
My memory is like a suspended animation chamber.
The next bend in the road shall be sunny.

-

EXTRA POEMS

Made In China

June, 2006

Guangdong, China

Candlelight can last a night

with cheap candles.

Made in China

dripping light.

Modern rustic.

'Tis I.

Electronic music.

Candle lights.

Automobile ancient.

Accident.

-

Whys

June, 2006

Guangxi, China

I will let the rain decide.

Wash away my whys

My mind is more beautiful

than words.

-

It Is A Long Story

June, 2006

Guangdong, China

Long story

to long.

Longing too long.

Longing to love.

Love is longing.

Connections on your offers.

-

534

August, 2006
Shenzhen, China

Aspiring light.
Black hole.
A spiraling
whole night.

-

Universal Health Care

August, 2006
Shenzhen, China

Patches of Earth skin.
Infections outside-in.
The right to be healthy.

-

I Really Love

August, 2006
Shenzhen, China

'Cause it is just one
lover to another.
Holding out your reach
just to share feeling.
I am chasing you.
You are chasing after me.
I can not sit back.
I am too restless to wait.
One mother after a father.

-

EXTRA POEMS

Spider Ant

October, 2006

Medan, Sumatra, Indonesia

That tiny spider ant was
a smear on the paper;
just as I am a smear on the Earth.
Smear on judgment.
Smear on light spread near.

-

An Ode To Diazepam

June, 2007

Inner Mongolia, China

A heightened sense of ceiling.
Being able
to slow down
to regain thoughts,
instead of feelings.
Come out
of my challenge.
Disease from birth
got to healing.
Eventually I got to thinking.
For being able to think again slow in my mind
helped me to feel fine.
Got thinking about anything on the street.
Holistically heroic walking down storeys on my feet.
I can breath in my mind,
so important, because I am inside this sudden life.

-

EXTRA POEMS

I Missed A Moment

April, 2007

Guangzhou, Guangdong, China

I missed a moment,
a moment missed,
like me.
A friend stares
at insight.

A light wonders where I must have gone.
Do you wonder why wonder?

-

Untitled

May, 2007

Guangzhou, Guangdong, China

I am the light of daylight. I am the hoots of owls.
I am the longing. I am the tired.

-

Thinking About Meth

June, 2007

Inner Mongolia, China

Vaporizing the little grains.
I can reminisce how the euphoria hit.
It was awesome. My friends were there.
I can not describe, but perhaps one of
they can.

When I went cold turkey,
well, I had headaches for a week.
For me it was no big deal. People can be real.
People can feel, but forget to think.

The heart is transparently visible.

-

Could Have

June, 2007

Inner Mongolia, China

Is it worth dieing

to live?

Would I still

be living

if I went a

different direction?

I wonder the

impression that

would have imparted on me.

I could have gone

somewhere else.

I could have

been with

someone else.

I could have

been blissfully

alone.

Could I have

been blissfully

alone?

-

Immediate Ownership Of

June, 2007

Inner Mongolia, China

If I could just own myself,

instead I belong to her.

She points out a sunset
that looks like Sunday melting on water.
In the sky like the great storm
on Jupiter.

I look out a window to realize
that I am a window,
and that I am not alone.

How did I get to be sailing
on the skies
with her by my side.

I met her.
I love her.
She loves me.

-

Ambient Weather

June, 2007

Inner Mongolia, China

The weather
in the sky
touches me
like a
star burning
down.

I am found with her.
She is fond of me.
I am alright with her.
She says she likes me.
I am not afraid.
She loves me so.
Wish I knew how to feel.

-

EXTRA POEMS

Nature Says That I Am Real

June, 2007

Inner Mongolia, China

If I could remember looking at her.
If I can remember being in love.
I can be happy.
For always in blisses. For always in life.
The witness to happiness
is one who is happy.
Nature says that I am.
Feelings while I dream inside my mind.
Thought is really thinking through.
Nativity wonders
built in my adult features.

-

20: 07

June, 2007

Inner Mongolia, China

The numbers
are so bright red.
Like some red
hot fire.
Turn to : 08.
I got time
to wait
on the
night.
Wait for you
for always.
Wait on
hand and foot for you
to come

on time.

-

Trust

July, 2007

Guangdong, China

I use to look at you like a child,
like somebody called my name.

Life is truly about trust.

I do not wish to flinch,

when I look

at you.

Trust.

-

Yes

August, 2007

Guangdong, China

Yes, woken up by a thought
of I as a child I always was.

How to be beside?

Yes, I am really not cool.

I do not know how to go through
your heart without being rung out.

Beside of you,

but what is the way how?

Mind by mind,

I try to catch a ride through the eye of a see-through wave.

Although I belly-flop on a honey flavored sea of vigor.

Moving inside without money.

Watch ways as I draft myself to stumble through
a field of views with opposite and common sides.

Some things are better left behind,
justified if I could be intertwined.
Some ideas could not be rescued
from the maintainers of minds of us.
There is some universal truth in the trunk
full of ideas missing aloof.
I miss your kiss,
but grabbing your kiss is silent work,
and bent wishing.
Direct yet missing.

-

"Empathy can be a strength"



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Shaun J. Apple

*"You can build a house out of your mind
with the right principles that can be used as structure."*

"...connections on your offers..."

"*Who I am*" has been defined by places both inside and outside of the United States of America. I was born in Ocala, Florida. When I was a kid, I had a golden retriever named Lady. She was my best friend. My parents had split when I was around age 12. I was sent to a children's home near Deltona, Florida and later on a foster home in Ocala due to problems at home. In a nutshell, I would say I was a suburban kid in central Florida.

My foster parents were black. The foster home where I lived was on the outskirts of Ocala. A lot of roads were dirt, dust, and sand that blew away. Already I had my first car which was named "*The Lemon*". In Ocala, on the weekends there were bands playing death metal, ska, hip-hop, and alternative rock music at a local concert hall. Most of the time, I crashed at an "*open*" house hanging out with best friends – Whores, artists, and "*psychonauts*". I did not know who paid for our house. I brought food for the house cats. I drove overnight regularly between Ocala and Deltona to visit friends from my teen years.

I moved to Daytona Beach, Florida on a whim with friends from that house. My roommate physically abused his girlfriend. I counseled my roommate's girlfriend. I dropped ecstasy for the first time with my co-workers. They were people who thought they were vampires. My best friend at the time was a hot lesbian. I decided to move to my own rental beach cottage. I can recall the joyous feeling of using paid vacation days to go body surfing in the Atlantic Ocean. I lost my spectacles in the sea. I can still feel the waves in my sleep. I decided to lose my \$600 deposit on the cottage in order to move to an apartment block four blocks away. "*I rented a two bedroom apartment in a very grubby apartment complex. At least the new place was near my recreational drug friends and my gay friends*", says Shaun. During major hurricanes I would go out on the beach to feel the strong winds in my face. I started going to wild rave parties with Internet friends.

My poetry is everywhere that I have ever wrote. Each poem I wrote helped to highlight an adventure of mine, display an idea, and made me to think out loud. In 1999, I did not have every minute to devote to poetry any longer. By 1999, I was already addicted to the Internet.

On a whim in 1999, I moved to California at the request of friends on the Internet. I continued the tradition of going to parties, in California, which included throwing some infamous house-parties. I got involved with teaching people how to safely use recreational drugs, E.G: "*Harm reduction / Harm minimization*". I became a moderator and an administrator for several years on the informational and social [Bluelight web site](#).

I worked for a year in Los Angeles before my journey began overseas to The Fiji Islands and Australia. I wrote a dozen poems in a V.W bus on a week long trek across Australia from Melbourne to Perth. Four months later, I went for a second time to The Fiji Islands. I was in love with the country, people, and one person in particular. I lived with families in villages all across the remote islands of Fiji. There on a daily basis I saw the absolutely most beautiful rainbows, sunsets, sun-risings, and deserted white / black / red sand beaches and traditional ways of life that revolved around family. During the day I chopped coconuts, harvested taro, taught groups of young girls the game of basketball, and volunteered with an Australian based medical outreach program.

In 2002, I waved goodbye to Fiji to return to the United States. I got invited to work as a caregiver in Seattle, Washington for a summer after I posted on the Internet. My next move after the summer was to Vancouver Island in British Columbia, Canada for six months. Vancouver Island is a majestic place covered with stormy beaches, hippies, sprawling rain forest, quaint / interesting towns, and an astute capital city. I spent the winter of 2002 in the Canadian Rockies watching the "*northern lights*" in the sky.

I did a "*driveaway*" road trip from Portland, Oregon through the states Idaho, Utah, New Mexico, Arizona, and California stopping everywhere nice along the way in early 2003. I was then based in northern California leading groups of European tourists around on "*treks*" with an outdoor trekking outfit for the summer of 2003. One trip involved driving from San Francisco to Anchorage, Alaska (3,307.59 miles) in only a few days! By fate, I "*discovered*" San Francisco, which is the place that I still like to refer to as my "*first home*". Proudly I protested against the "*War In Iraq*" and "*got down*" to block parties in the streets. In towns north of San Francisco I started to take a keen interest in growing organic foods.

I decided to "*find*" myself again overseas in Asia after a close friend suggested that I was "*meant to be in Thailand*" and that Thais are "*sweet and sincere*". I flew to south-east Asia in the later part of 2003. I taught English for an EU Micro-Project Development Through Local Communities (MPDLC) project at a rural village in Laos. The classroom was "*basic*" and the village located between Thailand and Vietnam. I ended up here because fatefully a bus broke down. The next year in central Thailand I volunteered with Hmong refugees at a Thai temple. I resided in Thailand for three years, excluding stints to India, Laos, Myanmar, Cambodia, Malaysia, and Singapore.

In India, I was able to immerse myself for six months in the birthplaces for the Buddhist, Sikh, and Hindu religions. I stayed at ashrams along the path. Being able to visit ancient towns, ruins, and cities in India is incredible! The highlight of India for me was that I traveled across the Himalayas by bus from Manali. On the other side of the Himalayas is the district of Ladakh in Kashmir state where many Tibetan people live. Many connections were made there. "*India is a place that really makes you think. Every day I felt like I saw something new and different. I think the insight gained is even greater in retrospect*", reports Shaun.

I returned to Thailand in September of 2004. I worked as a teacher in Bangkok, Thailand for two years. I taught various subjects like English, Math, Science, P.E, and Computer classes for many different age groups. I relocated to Portland, Oregon from Thailand in late 2005. Portland feels like a "*second home*" in America.

"*I make a deep connection and I write poetry. That is what I do for a living*", Shaun outspokenly concludes. "*Sometimes forced. Sometimes found.*"

